



## A NEW SONG ON THE GENERAL TAXATION OF OUR DAYS,

Come neighbours draw near till I tell you a tale  
And you'll hear of the laws they invented of late  
They are taxing the dogs that we had on our floor  
That were use'ul sagacious obedient and bold

They are taxing the mastive for watching the thelves  
That would mind all our means while ourselves we e aslee,  
They are taxing poor tiger both bager and bounce  
They are tied with a leg and they muzzle their mouth

They are taxing the bull dogs for minding the stalls  
And they are taxing the hutchers for killing the calves  
They are taxing the nailors the smith and his forge  
And they are taxing the fowler for shooting the c ows

They are taxing the terrier for killing the rats  
And they'll try double tax on the claws of the cat  
They are taxing poor reynard for eating a goose  
He pay for the roast when the hounds are let loose

They are taxing the greyhound for hunting the hare  
And they are taxing pointer for setting the game  
They are taxing the Indian the tralu and the steam  
And they lay double tax on the whiskey skilleen

They are taxing the dogs that are leading the blind  
That cannot discern the day from the night  
They are taxing the teper for drinking a dram  
They'll fine him a crown or they'll send him to gaol

They are taxing the millers the bakers and bread  
And they're taking the graves where we bury the dead  
They are taxing the butter the milk and the Cheese  
And they'll tax all the nails on our hands and our feet

They are taxing the farmers that cultivate the ground  
That is feeding the world the Queen and the Crown  
They are taxing the mason his hammer and trowel  
And the labouring man that has sweat on his brow

They are taxing the tobacco that's whol-some to smoke  
And they are taxing the snuff that would vvarm our nose  
They are taxing the vvhiskey the porter and Ale  
And they'll tax the old vvhomen for drinking their tea

They are taxing the Captain the ship and her crew  
And they'r taxing the tink-r his budget and tools  
They'r taxing the weaver his skittle and looms  
And they'r taking the tailor his thimble and goose

They'r taxing the drapers their goods and their shop  
And they'r taxing the dealer for carrying a pack  
They'll tax the mu-tach the clever it grew  
And they'll the young ladies for weasing the hoops

They are taxing the kettle the poker and tongs  
They are taxing the donkey for wearing a cross  
They are taxing the salmon that runs through the stream  
And they are taxin' the parts that surround the sea

They'r taxing the tommies and six-penny shirts  
And the hal-penny collar that's neatly made up  
They are taxing the fairs where the cattle are sold  
And they'll tax the young men if the girls they court